Princeton Blanks Yale 20 to 0; Worst Beating Ever Inflicted on Bulldog by Tiger

Man-Eater Claws Old Eli Pup Into Bundle of Hide and Hair

Laurie's Sensational Run From Kick Formation Gives First Touchdown; Murrey's Field Goal Breaks Ice; Old Nassau Outplays Rivals All Way

By Grantland Rice
PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 13.—A big Man-Eater, long clawed and sinewy, bolted out of Nassau's football jungle to-day and in his first rush landed on top of the startled Bulldog's neck. For the next two hours, while 50,000 astonished observers looked down upon the carnage, the atmosphere was replete with Bulldog hide and Bulldog hair as the Tiger's slashing, crushing blows got in their deadly work. Dropping for a moment the zoological

The Line-Up

SCORE BY PERIODS

Touchdowns—Lourie, Mike Callahan, Goals from touchdowns—Keck (2), Goal from field—Murrey (35 yards), Placement goal—Keck (36 yards),

SUBSTITUTIONS

Princeton-Halsey for Keck, Witt-

renceton—Halsey for Keck, Witt-ner for Gilroy, Davis for Stinson, Scheerer for Murrey. Ynte—Eagan for Cutler, Galvin for Cross, kempton for Murphy, Aldrich for Jordan, Sturm for Campbell, Qualle for Into.

OFFICIALS

W. G. Crowell, Swarthmore, referee; T. J. Thorp, Columbia, ampire; V. A. Schwartz, Brown, acid Judge; G. N. Bawkart, Dartmouth, head linesman,

intenation, Princeton beat Yale 20 to 0. And that is only part of the story that unfolds Princeton's greatest triumph in the span of forty-four years of Yale competition. For the first time in enty-one years-dating back to Arbur Poe's second miracle—the Orange and Black floated over the Blue for the second year in succession.

For the first time in seventeen year! dating back to the days of John Dett-Nassau beat Eli on a Princeton

history a Princeton team danced off

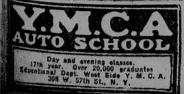
Worst Drubbing of History

This beating to-day was the worst All past records collapsed he final whistle blew at 4:21 p. m., and the Nassau horde started its snake iznoe up and down the field. Twentyour years age, back in 1896, Garry four years ago, osce in 1899, Garry Cochran's famous machine crushed the Bige by a score of 24 to 6. The margin there was eighteen points. To-day Princeton added two additional points to this wide margin and held Yale scoreless in a one-sided battle, where Yale never had the gray ghost of an entitie chance.

entside chance.

For the first quarter Princeton awarmed all over Yale but couldn't score. The Blue eleven looked be-wildered and slow, but penalties and had passing more than offset Princeton's slashing, ground-gaining attack.

Eut bortly after the second quarter epened Frank Murrey, from a difficult angle, planted a group kick square, y



Vital Statistics of Big Game | Stars of Annul Contest on Nassau Gridiron



O,000 at Princeton See
Roper's Warriors Defeat Eli

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GARRITY, PRINCETON

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2	A. W. Ingails, Brown Um	pire George
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ø	field. Pittsburgh, Field	judge-D
8	Kelly, Springfield Y. M. C	. A. Tima
基	periods-Two 15 and two 1	2 minutes.

Into in Right And Is Yale's One Lone Hero

Big Lineman Proves Worth as Substitute for Veteran Mackay by Sterling Play

By Heywood Broun PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 13 .- Prince

ton, hitherto believed to be this side of paradise, sent a line smash through the pearly gates this afternoon and defeated Yale by 20 to 0. The score would have been larger but for the brillia. work of Into. He was a tough proposition. It might even be said that he was a tough preposition. He was staiwart on defense, good on attack, but a bad man to end a sentence with.

This, however, is supposed to be a skipping story of the game and ought to start at the beginning. We trust that the reader will take it for granted that the Palmer Stadium was full, the hotels crowded, the town gay with bunting and pretty girls. This year they are wearing woolen stockings.

Just before the whistle blew Captain Tim Callahan of Yale and Mike Callahan, of Princeton, walked out into the middle of the gridiron. The referee said: "I guess i don't have to introduce you boys," and he was quite right, because the Callahana are brothers.

Callahan Boys Scattered This, however, is supposed to be a

duce you boys," and he was quite right, because the Cullahans are brothers.

Callahan Boys Scattered

Mrs. Callahan believes in scattering her sons. She follows the old adage of "Bont put all your eggs in one basket." There is still another Callahan who is preparing for Ursinus. Mrs. Callahan believes that by trying all the colleges at least one of her sons is going to get an education.

Tim asked "What's the news from home?" And Mike said. "Well, I had a letter last week." but before he tended read it the referce interrupted by tossing a coin, and, as Tim is the elder, Mike let him win and choose his own goal. It was the only thing Yale won during the afternoon.

The two captains then returned to the side lines and gathered their tespective teams around them for a few last words. Tim said "Fight hand, men!" and Mike said "Smash lem, boys!" These are brave words, but it's in the breed.

Then the game began, and we noticed as it went along that though the passes tessed by the Morphys, the Gilroys and the Garriys did not always go to the designated receiver the ewses generally some Iriannan there to catch them.

the best he could do was to remark that the e were three erest niurging backs on the gridron, "and the great-est of these is Garnity." Then he left

est of these is Garrity." Then he left to go to another place in the attack where he had some friends who badn't heard it.

Princeton began as if to sweep Yale right off the field. After Yale had punted, following the kick-off, Lourie went around right end for thirty-five yards. Whenever a Yale man approached Lourie stuck out his thumb, like little Jack Horner, and proceeded about his business. It was night enjoyable.

the ball over the wall of the stadium. At this point there was not a little sparring back and forth, and Yale sent in Eddie Eagan, the Olympic light-heavyweight champion.

Bye and bye the whistle blew, and again we think it is safe to assume that the reader knows that all the Princeton men from years and years back came to the field to snake-dance and throw their hats over the goal posts.

posts.

Mike went over to Tim and took out the letter to begin where he had been interrupted by the referee.

"Aunt Sally" a little better," he sai...
"Damn Aunt Sally!" caid Tim.